

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 846.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1873.

VOL. XXXIII. No. 12.

Goethe and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

From the German of DR. CARL MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.*

(Continued from page 82.)

The venerable Poet continued to feel the deepest and most lively interest in the youthful musician. On the 5th of Feb. 1822, he writes to Zelter: "Remember me to Felix and his parents. Since your departure my piano is dumb; one single attempt to waken it was quite a failure."

In the autumn of 1822, the visit to Goethe was repeated in company with his parents, who on this occasion saw with pleasure how quickly and surely their son had won all hearts.

"We have made," writes his mother, "a most delightful and lasting acquaintance with Goethe and the Schopenhauers. I saw with maternal joy how Felix had made himself beloved by the most distinguished men, and his happy parents were only too glad to be indebted to him for the kindness with which they were received. The great, eminent minister, whose dignity, fame, poetic genius, and superiority in every way weave for him a dazzling crown, before whose beams common mortals retire abashed, is so kind, loving and even fatherly to my boy, that I can only recall these happy images with the deepest joy and emotion. For hours together he talked with my husband about Felix, invited him in the warmest manner to remain longer at his house; his eyes rested on him with visible pleasure, and his gravest mood was always exchanged for a cheerful one whenever he improvised to his liking. As he does not like music generally, his piano had remained unopened since Felix's last visit, and he opened it with these words: "Come and awaken the winged spirits who have long been slumbering within." And again: "You are my David; if I should become sick or sorrowful, banish the evil dreams by your playing; but I will never, like Saul, hurl my spear at you." Do you not think that touching from an old man of seventy-three years? Felix, who is commonly quite indifferent to praise, is proud of Goethe's admiration and affection, and such a feeling can only have an elevating influence. He was also very kind and affable to Fanny; she was obliged to play a great deal from Bach for him; and he was especially pleased with the music which she had composed for his verses, for it always gives him the greatest pleasure to see his songs set to music."

Zelter had the satisfaction of making the most delightful report of Felix's progress in the following years. He writes, on the 11th of March, 1823: "My Felix has entered on his fifteenth year. He actually grows under my eyes. His wonderful pianoforte playing I regard as something quite by the way. He will also be master of the violin. The second Act of his fourth Opera is ready. He gains constantly in solidity, and there is no lack of

* Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music by HENRY WARE.

either strength or power. All comes from within, and the externals of his time touch him only outwardly. Think of our happiness if we are permitted to see the boy grow up and fulfil the promise of his youth."

He writes on the eighth of February, 1824: "Yesterday Felix's fourth Opera was given complete, together with the dialogue. There are 3 Acts, which, with two Ballets, occupy about two hours and a half. The work has been received with applause. For my part I cannot contain my surprise that a boy of only just fifteen should have made such astonishing progress. Novelty, beauty, originality—entire originality, is to be found in all he writes: soul, movement, repose, harmony, unity and dramatic power. The massing is as if done by an experienced hand. The orchestration is interesting, neither oppressive nor wearisome, not merely an accompaniment. The musicians like to play it and yet it is not easy. What we have known before comes and goes, not as if taken for granted, but spontaneously and as if belonging in its own place. There is liveliness, it is jubilant without being too rapid; there is tenderness, grace, love, passion, innocence. The overture is a wonderful thing. Imagine a painter laying daubs of color on the canvass, rubbing on the masses with brush and finger, out of which finally a group comes to view, so that one is constantly astonished, and looking out for something; for what is real must be accomplished. * * * Indeed I am talking like a grandfather who is apologizing for his grandson. I know well what I have said, and I have intended to say nothing but what I can prove. First by the applause of the crowd, which was taken up splendidly by the orchestra-people and the singers, in whom one can easily see whether coolness and indifference or love and good will move the throats and the fingers. You must indeed know that. Just as the mouth pleases, speaking to another, face to face, so it is with the composer who furnishes to the executant what he can accomplish a success with, and which he thus sympathetically executes. This alone tells you the whole story. I must hope too, that my report to you of the progress of Felix will be water for my mill.

"You have known the wretchedness of these master-schools much longer than I; great intentions, small talent, great resources for doing nothing; these are the evils, and one must rejoice when one finds a man who does what he can, and who always has a supply on hand, from which he draws whatever may chance to come."

"To-day," he writes, in a letter of December 26th, 1824, "Felix has brought out his new double concerto. The boy stands on a root that promises a good tree. What is original in him comes every day more to light, and amalgamates itself well with what is in the spirit of the time, from which it peeps out like a bird out of an egg."

In the spring of 1825 Felix went with his father to Paris, to consult with Cherubini whether he should adopt music as his life calling. Cherubini had become in the art circles of Paris a much dreaded giant, they trembled before his cutting sarcasms. Halévy made the new comer from Berlin very anxious about him, telling him that there were days when little or nothing was to be got out of Cherubini. To one young musician who had played something before him, he said: "Could you not perhaps paint pretty well?" and to another: *Vous ne ferez jamais rien!* If even Halévy himself showed him something, and if Cherubini said nothing and made no wry faces, then it was surely something altogether excellent. Only once, when Halévy had played through to him his opera *La Juive*, the wicked old maestro said: "*C'est bien, mais c'est trop long, il faut couper*" (Good, but too long; cut it). Felix had then finished the B-minor Quartet for piano and stringed instruments, which he intended to dedicate to Goethe. It may be easily imagined what a sensation it made among the Parisians, when Cherubini, after this had been played in his presence by French artists, and 'in the most shameful way,' to boot, came up smiling to Felix and nodded to him. Then he turned to the bystanders, with the words: "*Ce garçon est riche, il fera bien, mais il dépense trop de son argent; il met trop d'étoffe dans son habit* (the boy is rich and will do well; but he spends too much of his money; he puts too much cloth into his coat.) They all looked upon it as something unprecedented, especially as Cherubini added: *Je lui parlerai, alors il fera bien* (I will have a talk with him; then he will do well). Halévy, who was not present at the time, absolutely would not believe that Cherubini could have spoken in this manner to the young musician. But we can well understand how he who had received the artist benediction of Goethe, had no need to fear Cherubini. The opinions expressed by the sixteen-year old boy about the dreaded maestro, and generally on musical matters in Paris, show his independence and his originality. He compared Cherubini to a "burned out volcano, which still blazes out occasionally, but is covered over with stones and ashes." In the *Kyrie* which he composed for Cherubini, during his stay in Paris, he even ventured to imitate, somewhat ironically, the manner of composition of the dreaded old maestro. "The gallant youth," wrote Zelter, "has written the piece quite satirically, in a spirit, which, if not the right one, yet is that which Cherubini has always been looking for, but which, if I am not mistaken, he has never found."

Felix felt in his breast the spirit of a German artist, so he turned away from the turmoil of Paris, and criticized the want of musical earnestness and of real feeling for Art, which prevailed among the French musicians.

"I had hoped to find here the very metropolis of music, musicians and musical taste; but, on my word, it is not so at all. The saloons, where, to be sure, I did not expect very much, are *ennuyant*; they like nothing there but frivolous music, and musical coquetry, and nothing that is serious and solid. The orchestras (I have heard those of the *Opéra* and the *Académie Royale*) are very good, but by no means superior, and finally, the musicians themselves are partly dried up, and partly chatter abusively like sparrows about Paris and the Parisians. At the Sunday music at Tremont, I lately heard Urbahn play some variations on the viola. He tunes it quite differently from what is usual, (*f c, f c*). That, hearing it but once, makes a good effect, but it is a bad idea, because the instrument thereby loses the depth of the viola without gaining the height of the violin, and is evidently only practicable for F and C major. Finally, Kalkbrenner played a new sextet in A minor, of his own composition. Clarinet, 'cello and contrabass accompany the leading piano. There are many pretty passages in it, but most of them are taken from the Hummel Septet, out of which the work is mainly made up. He played very well, although on account of the frightful heat, he was not always sure. A little while before he said to Herz, smiling pleasantly: 'If you will play for me I will certainly give you ten sous.' But Herz laughing smoothed his black whiskers, and said: 'No, that would not be at all agreeable to the public.' 'Thank you for the compliment,' replied Kalkbrenner with a smile.

"Yesterday, we were in the Feydeau, and I saw the last act of an opera by Catel, *F Auber-giste*, and Auber's *Léocadie*. The theatre is roomy, pleasant and pretty, and the orchestra right good, although indeed the violins are not so excellent as those of the Opera buffa, yet, on the other hand, the basses and the wind instruments and the *ensemble* is better than it is there; here, too, it is directed in the centre. The singers and singeresses sang without any voice, but not badly; their play was lively and quick, and so the whole thing ran very smoothly. But now, for the main thing—the composition—I will say nothing of the first opera, for I only heard half of it, and that was weak and without any effect, though not destitute of some pretty, light melodies; but, the famous *Léocadie* of the famous Auber! You cannot imagine anything more wretched. The subject is taken from a poor novel of Cervantes, and poorly worked up for an opera; and I could not have believed that such a vulgar, unseemly piece could have been given in a French Theatre, before people who flatter themselves that they have so much taste and right feeling; but it has not only held its place, but even been given fifty-two times within a very short period. To this novel of the wild period of Cervantes, Auber has set some commonplace music that is doleful. I will say nothing of the fact, that you find nothing massive, no life, no originality in the whole opera; that it is all made up of reminiscences stuck together, first from Cherubini and then from Rossini. I will say nothing of the fact that, in the most decisive moments, the singers must execute gurglings of trills and runs, but, as to the instrumentation, which is now so easy to do, when the scores of

Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven are every where to be had, the instrumentation, this favorite of the public, a pupil of Cherubini, a man with gray hairs, should, at least be able to do! But he cannot do it.

"Only imagine that in the whole opera, which is quite rich in melodies, there are perhaps only three in which the piccolo flute does not play the chief part. The overture begins with a *tremolando* of the string instruments, and then immediately comes in the piccolo on the roof, and the bassoon in the cellar, and they drone out a melody. In the *Ulegra* theme, the string instruments execute a sort of Spanish accompaniment, and the little flute, as before, whistles a melody; *Léocadie*'s first melancholy air, '*Pauvre Léocadie, il vaudrait mieux mourir*,' is appropriately accompanied by the little flute; which also depicts the rage of the brother, the torments of the lovers, the happiness of the peasant girl. In fact, the whole thing might be most admirably arranged for two flutes, with jews-harp *ad libitum*. Alas!

"Thou writest me, dear Fanny, that I shall set myself to making converts, and that I should teach Onslow and Reicha, to like Beethoven and Sebastian Bach. I am doing it already, but do not get on very far. Only think, dear child, that the people here know not a note of Fidelio, and that they look on Sebastian Bach as only a periwig well stuffed with learning. I recently played, at the desire of Kalkbrenner, the preludes in E and A minor for the organ. The people found them both very pretty, and some one remarked that the beginning of the A-minor prelude had a wonderful resemblance to a favorite duet by Monsigny (a French opera composer)! I saw everything blue and green!

"Lately, at Mme. Kiené's, I played my quartet in B minor with Baillot. Baillot began at first very listlessly and carelessly, but, at a passage towards the beginning of the first part, he warmed up and played the rest of the first movement and the *Adagio* very powerfully and well; but then came the Scherzo. The beginning must have pleased him, for now he began to play and to hurry on; the others kept always close behind him. I tried to hold them back, but let any one try to hold back three Frenchmen at a time, who are going through! So they carried me along with them, ever madder and madder, faster and faster, especially in one passage towards the end, where the theme of the Trio comes in against the beat, and very high, Baillot was right furious and, as he had made one mistake several times, he was very angry with himself; so, when it was over, he said not a word but: '*encore une fois ce mor ceau*.' Now it went all smooth, but wilder than before. In the last movement it was indeed the devil let loose. In that passage towards the close, where the theme in B minor comes in again, *fortissimo*, Baillot scraped away like mad on his strings, and I was actually frightened by my own quartet, and when it was done, he came up to me, without saying a word, and embraced me twice, as if he would squeeze me to death. Rode, too, was very much pleased, and all at once said to me some time afterwards, in German: *brave, mein Schatz* (splendid, my darling). * * * Fanny, you write to me about bias and prejudice, about

my grumbings and owl talk about this land flowing with milk and honey, as you called Paris. Now consider a moment, I pray thee; is it you who are in Paris, or I? I *must* know better about it than you! Is it my way to judge about music from bias or prejudice? And if it were, is Rode biased, when he says to me: '*c'est ici une dégringolade musicale*'? Is Neukomm biased, when he says: '*c'est pas ici le pays des orchestres*'? Is Herz biased, when he says: 'the public here can enjoy and appreciate nothing but variations'? Are ten thousand other people biased who are scolding about Paris? You are biased when you give less credit to my impartial judgment than you do to a favorite picture of this Paris Eldorado that you have painted for yourself. Only look at the *Constitutionnel*; what do they give at the *Opéra Italien* except Rossini? Take the music catalogues, what do you find there? what is published besides Romanzas and Potpourris? Just come here yourself and hear *Alceste*, hear *Robin des Bois*, hear the Soirées, hear the music of the Royal bands, and then make up an opinion. Then thou mayst scold me, but not now, when thou art biased and prejudiced and altogether blinded. Now pardon me this *Allegro feroce*. * * * To-day I have finished a *Kyrie* for five voices and *grandissimo* orchestra, which surpasses in thickness anything that I have yet composed. There is a good deal of *pizzicato* in it, and, as to trombones, I reckon on good strong throats for the blowers."*

This description of French music is characteristic. It shows what a severely artistic path the sixteen-year old artist had chosen, and how decidedly, in the very spirit of Goethe, he condemned those who saw in Art only a means. Felix remained in Paris from the 23d of March to the 19th of May, and on his return homeward was permitted to make a shorter visit in Weimar, of which Goethe writes to Zelter: "Herr Mendelssohn remained with us all too short a time on his return. Felix brought out his last quartet to the amazement of every one. This personal, audible and intelligible dedication did me much good. Felix has told the women folks all about musical matters in Paris, and what especially is characteristic of the present moment." In acknowledgment of the dedication of the B minor quartet, Goethe immediately wrote his young friend "a fine love letter," as Zelter called it, which ran thus: "Thou hast given me great pleasure with thy valuable present; although I had been notified of it, still I was surprised. Type, title page and the beautiful binding, all vied with each other to complete the splendid gift. I look upon it as on a beautiful body, with whose more beautiful, powerfully rich soul thou hadst already made me acquainted, to my greatest astonishment. Receive my best thanks, and let me hope that thou wilt soon again make me admire thy astonishing activity, in thine own person. Remember me to thy worthy parents, to the equally gifted sister, and the excellent master. May I be ever held in lively remembrance in such a circle. Weimar, June 18, 1825. Faithfully, J. W. Goethe."

Goethe's friendly sympathy spurred on the young artist to ceaseless labors. He finished his fifth opera, composed an Octet for eight

* Letters to his parents of 18 and 22 April, 1825.

obligato instruments; and, as Zelter expressed it, "he seizes Time by the ears and drives him." Beside this, he had a few weeks before presented to his excellent house tutor, Heyse, a charming birthday gift; he had entirely by himself made a metrical translation of a play of Terence, the "Andria," in which there are some very excellent lines they say, for I have not yet seen them. He plays the piano like the devil, and is not far behind with stringed instruments; and with all this he is healthy, strong, and can swim lustily up stream.

"In the musical papers his quartets and symphonies have been somewhat coldly noticed, but that will do him no harm, for these critics are also young fellows, who are looking round for their hats, which all the while they hold in their hands. And when one recollects how, forty years ago, the compositions of Gluck and Mozart were also condemned, one need not be without some consolation. Whatever has never come into the heads of these gentlemen they slide over quickly, and judge of the whole house by one brick; and I must give him credit for this that he continually works systematically and finishes what he has begun, whether it please or no; so he does not show any special liking for what he has done. Of course there are not wanting some heterogeneous stones that are carried off by the stream, but of common faults and weaknesses there are very few."[†]

"Now I must ask you," writes Goethe, when Felix had sent him his "Andria," to return my heartiest thanks to the excellent industrious Felix for the admirable sample of his serious aesthetic studies; his labor shall serve for entertainment to the friends of art in Weimar in the long winter evenings that are now to be expected."

"My Felix," Zelter goes on to inform him on the 20th of February, 1827, "has accepted a call to Stettin to bring out his latest productions there, and departed thither on the 16th of this month. The rascal attained his nineteenth year on the 3rd, and his compositions assume ripeness and individuality. At the Royal Theatre they have been in labor for more than a year and a day with his last opera, which fills a whole evening, but it has not yet seen the light; while on the other hand, many French weeds and mushrooms which have been put on the stage, have hardly survived a second performance. As we are young and already enjoy all those advantages for which so many have to torment themselves during the best part of their lives, it must be that it can do him no harm; and I must also wish that by his industry he may as quickly as possible grow up above our own time, to which one has to be agreeable, whether one will or no; and in this matter I may still be of service, by always driving him back more and more upon himself."

[†] Letter of November 6, 1825.
(To be continued.)

An American Conservatorio.

From the Philadelphia Age, May 14.

III.

We have already spoken of the earlier schools and conservatorios; others were founded at later periods: Milan in 1807, Prague in 1810, Vienna and Warsaw in 1824, two in Berlin under Kullak and

Julius Stern; in Brussels, under Fétis; in Cologne, under F. Hiller; in Dresden Munich, Münster, Stockholm, Würzburg, and in St. Petersburg under Anton Rubinstein, now in this country. Special interest is attached to one, however, which comes closer to our sympathies, from the fact that many of our young Americans of both sexes (the number of English students also has been very large at all times of its existence) have graduated there, and because its first director was held in such universally high esteem, whether for his great musical learning, his towering reputation as a composer, or for his noble, pure and unsullied private character. Need we say that we allude to Mendelssohn and the Leipzig Conservatorium. It was solemnly opened on the 3d of April, 1843, and the first professors were Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Robert Schumann, Ferdinand David, Pohlitz and Becker. Moscheles afterwards joined his great influence, and the reputation of this institute spread far and wide, so that many pupils were drawn from strange and distant countries to this dull and uninteresting town, solely to avail themselves of the services of the excellent professors attached to it.

According to our best information, nearly if not all these institutes were subsidized by their respective governments. But, as we believe, after examination and inquiry, that we cannot hope to establish a conservatorio in the United States by government aid, we may find some instruction from a brief examination of the history of that in London, which passed through an experience somewhat like that which would probably attend a similar enterprise with us.

We observe that an opera company was formed in London in 1720, under the title of Royal Academy of Music; but, prior to the establishment of the present Academy of Music, in 1822, there was no public institution in England where music was regularly taught. At the Cathedrals, as we have already seen, a limited number of chorister-boys received a certain degree of musical education, but it was confined to one branch, and this instruction could not have any general effect upon the musical character of the nation. As schools, they have been, and are still, but only to a small extent, useful. The first establishment that received the name of Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1720, was not an educational institute, as its name might imply, but merely an association formed by the nobility and gentry, who made liberal subscriptions for the purpose of introducing Italian opera into England. It lasted but seven years, and when the subscriptions failed the name of the Royal Academy of Music ceased also.

The first attempt to establish an institute of a really educational character was that put forth in 1774 by that eminent scholar and musician, Dr. Charles Burney. His object was to found an Academy of Music in conjunction with the Foundling Hospital, which had already been nearly forty years in existence. Mme. D'Arblay, in her interesting and gossiping memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney, tells us that the idea came from his personal experience and observation of the Conservatorios in Italy, and that the motives and reasons suggesting this undertaking to him were: "That in England, where more splendid rewards await the favorite votaries of musical excellence than in any other spot on the globe, there was no establishment of any sort for forming such artists as might satisfy the real connoisseur in music, and save English talent from the mortification, and the British purse from the depredation of seeking a constant supply of genius and merit from foreign shores."

Any American traveller who has heard a church service sung by the four hundred children of the Foundling Hospital in London, must be impressed with the wisdom displayed by Dr. Burney in his selection of this splendid charity as the nucleus of a national conservatorio. The plan was heard with general approbation, but the discussions to which it gave rise were discursive and perplexing. "It was objected that music was an art of luxury, by no means requisite to life or accessory to morality. These children were all meant to be educated as plain but essential members of the general community. They were to be trained up to useful purposes, with a singleness that would ward off all ambition for what was higher, and teach them to repay the benefit of their support by cheerful labor. To stimulate them to superior views might mar the religious object of the charity, which was to nullify, rather than extinguish, all disposition to pride, vice or voluptuousness, such as, probably, had demoralized their culpable parents, and thrown these de-

serted outcasts upon the mercy of the Foundling Hospital."

Strange to say, precisely the same line of thought and argument destroyed an attempt made by Phil. Trajetta and U. K. Hill, many years ago, to introduce music in a charitable institution in New York, where they proposed to teach it gratuitously, having in view the formation of a conservatorio from this nucleus. One of the strong-minded lady patronesses of the charity in question, the mother of the late Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, who in all probability would not have sympathized with her views, denounced the scheme as dangerous in the extreme, as it would unfit the children for their contemplated station in life, namely, the kitchen and workshop. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Burney failed in his noble and far-reaching plan, although he could not be persuaded that the children of the Foundling Hospital were to be predestined to menial servitude, or to form a caste as if under Hindoo government, from whose rules and plodden ways no genius would ever emerge. It would be difficult at this day to estimate the effect this scheme, had it been adopted, might have produced upon the English nation. The result would no doubt have been most advantageous to the musical art.

That musical genius could be combined, in the same individual, with unselfish generosity and noble charity, was made evident to the directors of this very Foundling Hospital by the princely munificence of Handel, who presented a splendid organ to its chapel, and bequeathed to it the original score of his *Messiah*, the performance of which at various times has brought to the funds of the institution nearly \$100,000.

A second effort to establish an Academy of Music in London on the basis of the Philharmonic Society, and on the model of the Royal Academy of Painting, met with no better success. The failure, in this instance, strange to say, was mainly caused by the objections of a portion of the musical profession, who feared an injury to their business by a too rapid increase of performers. This action seems to be the foreshadowing of that rule in the trade unions which limits the number of apprentices. We fear the political economy of the musicians was at fault.

The Schumann Festival.

[From the Saturday Review.]

It is two years since Bonn, as the birthplace of Beethoven, was chosen as the scene of the musical festival which (after being put off a year by the war) commemorated the centenary of one of the very greatest musicians whom the world has yet seen. A concert hall was built specially for the occasion; artists were collected from all parts of Germany, and worked together for the common end with a zeal, fidelity and diligence worthy of such an occasion. The result was eminently successful. It is no exaggeration to say that the performance of Beethoven's masterpieces attained unprecedented excellence, and it excited an interest and enthusiasm which must have been an ample reward to both leaders and followers for all the toil which bore fruit in three days of perfect music. The impression made by the Beethoven festival was one never to be forgotten; and it was natural that Bonn should not be content to wait for a second centenary of Beethoven to see other such three days. The Beethoven Halle remained standing; the organization once called into existence for the Beethoven celebration was ready at hand; nor was a new object far to seek. The most creative and original musician of the generation following Beethoven's passed his last days in Bonn and lies buried there. The reputation of his works, which for some time suffered from the intolerance of those who demand that all music shall conform itself to their understanding of its principles, and from the impatience of those who do not care for music that requires any understanding at all, has since his death been steadily increasing within and without his own land. The time has not been long, but it has sufficed for the full establishment of Schumann's fame; and when the word went forth for a Schumann festival, after the pattern of the recent Beethoven festival, the success of the undertaking was assured beforehand. And, in fact, the enthusiasm excited on this occasion has been even greater than in the case of the Beethoven festival. Whether this was due to the way having been so effectually prepared by the brilliant success of two years ago, or to the personal interest of Schumann's life and works being so recent, may be left to conjecture; but the manner in which the artists performed their part was cer-

tainly, if possible, more perfect, and the sympathy of the audience more spontaneous and complete than in 1871.

The celebration was made up of two evening concerts on the 17th and 18th, and a morning concert of chamber music on the 19th of August. Many of the artists were naturally the same who had been prominent two years ago. Chief of these must be reckoned Herr Joachim, who is the acknowledged master of all who handle his instrument, and who has also, by the result of a difference with the Prussian ex-minister of education, Von Mühler, supplied a practical illustration of the principle that it is better to play a fiddle well than to govern a nation badly. On this occasion his principal function was that of conductor, though his violin was at last heard in its usual, or something more than its usual power, in the final concert of chamber music. Strauss was there again too, in his place of first violin—a worthy lieutenant of such a commander; and Mme. Joachim came as before with her gift of song, clear and strong, as if to match the tones which her husband draws out of strings and wood. The most notable change among the leading personages was a natural, and indeed indispensable, one. At a feast of Schumann's music, given in honor of Schumann's memory, only one person could be thought of as the interpreter of his compositions for the pianoforte. The office fell, as a matter of right, one may say, to Mme. Schumann, the power and beauty of whose playing are well known to all English lovers of music. On this occasion, she surpassed herself, and it is almost needless to add that the active part which she took in the festival contributed in no small degree to its interest and success.

Two of the leading singers were also new to the Beethoven Hall—Mme. Wilt of Vienna and Herr Stockhausen of Stuttgart. Herr Stockhausen's finished and dramatic rendering of German song has during some recent seasons become familiar to the English public. Mme. Wilt, we believe, is very little, if at all, known in England. Together with a voice of rare quality, she has the artistic cultivation without which no natural gifts can be rightly developed. These whom we have named, with other worthy companions of whom we are forced to omit special mention, and an admirably trained orchestra and chorus, making up the whole tale to something over five hundred, were the fellow-workers who met together to do honor to Schumann in these three days of August. The results obtained were such as to give a full reward for their endeavors. It was impossible to come away from the festival without a heightened appreciation of the composer, and a sense of gratitude to the artists who had so perfectly realized his best conceptions.

The general effect of the music was indeed not to be compared to that of Beethoven's at the former celebration. Schumann has not the volume or universality of Beethoven. In the handling of music as an instrument to express particular moods and emotions he is hardly to be surpassed; he can be intense, exquisite, discursive; but he is not comprehensive. He seldom rises above the sphere of the emotions which supply the motive of his work to the serene position of the mastery from which every part of the artist's world is seen in its due harmony with the whole. This final satisfaction and reconciliation, which is the rule with Beethoven, and is most conspicuous in his greatest works, is the exception with Schumann. He never fails to stir, but he rarely satisfies. The symphony which opened the first concert at Bonn is fiery and restless throughout. It is a conflict brought to an end at last only by main force. If there is a note of triumph at the end, it is the triumph of some overbearing and destroying destiny which strikes us with astonishment, but does not command any worship; some force which we acknowledge as irresistible, but cannot reverence as good, or even understand as necessary; and we are left bewildered witnesses of a great event the importance of which cannot be realized at the time. We miss the perfection and sufficiency of the greatest masters. Beethoven is lord of all the elements, and develops a world out of chaos; Schumann is for the most part a Demiurgus fighting with chaos and uncertain of the issue. Perhaps this is the reason why Schumann's most satisfactory works are those in which he elaborated motives already determined by a poetical text. Such are the scenes from *Faust*, of which the final part was given at the second concert of the festival. Goethe's poetry is preëminent in the quality of completeness which is wanting in Schumann; and on the other hand, the exalted vision with which the second part of *Faust* comes to an end strains the powers of articulate language to the very utmost,

and may be fairly considered to stand in need of musical interpretation—the only kind of interpretation perhaps which is likely to throw much light upon it. The raptures of the *Doctor Marianus* and of the glorified Gretchen, the joy of the angels who bear up Faust's immortal part to Heaven, the mystery of the final chorus—

Alles Vergänglichhe
Ist nur ein Gleichniss,
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan,
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan—

can hardly be explained by any commentary; but they are sympathetically illustrated by Schumann's music. Mme. Joachim, Mme. Wilt, and Herr Stockhausen were all admirable in this performance. One exquisitely sung passage of Herr Stockhausen's solo was followed by a storm of applause and a shower, which might almost be called a storm, of bouquets. It appears to be the custom on these occasions to aim the complimentary missile, not vaguely in the direction of the artist's feet, as we do in England, but straight at his head, which is much more impressive to look at, but must be now and then embarrassing. The peculiarity which we have noticed in Schumann's genius is, however, not without splendid exceptions. A notable one is the concerto which Mme. Schumann played on the second day. In this the composer lifts himself to the region of pure and consummate mastery. The impression given by this piece may indeed have been partly due to the performer, for whom it was doubly a triumph. We doubt whether Mme. Schumann has ever yet put forth her powers so completely and successfully as at this festival.

The artistic constellation has now dispersed, and Bonn resumes its usual aspect of a polyglot halting place of Rhine tourists, where travellers diffidently address waiters in English-German, and waiters confidently reply in German-English. But the memory of the festival days remains, and we do not suppose the Beethoven Hall will be very long allowed to stand idly vacant.

A MORE DETAILED ACCOUNT.

[From the London Musical Standard.]

Germany has celebrated her Schumann, in presence of leading music-lovers from many lands, before whom his best musical thoughts have been presented, with the affectionate earnestness and careful preparation which characterizes the German mind, by his admirer Joachim, and his biographer Wasielowski. An English critic who was present at and describes the celebration, Professor Oakeley, to whose efforts in turning the current of English taste towards German music much of the present set of that current is due, does not hesitate to write down, in deliberate juxtaposition and sequence, the three names, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann. If English hearers, as Professor Oakeley says, prefer another sequence, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, it is, he hints, because the last-named artists are more easily understood, not because, each to each, they are greater. The enthusiasm of such men as Professor Oakeley for the music of Schumann seems a rebuke to the slowness of appreciation which has retarded its acceptance in England; and yet we have our doubts on the point, when the contemners of Schumann are classed, by the thoughtful Edinburgh professor, with the contemners of Wordsworth. If there is as much prosy music in Schumann as there is versified prose in Wordsworth, it will take time yet to bring most of us to look upon Schumann as the successor of Bach and Beethoven. Our own correspondent's glowing account of the Schumann-feier is as follows:

I now proceed to give a *resumé* of the performances on the "three great days" of this Festival.

The first concert began on Sunday (the 17th) at 6 o'clock, p.m. The guests were received by the Ober-Burgmeister, Herr Kaufman and Herr Delimon, the heads of the committee. The two golden numbers were Schumann's symphony in D minor, (incorrectly marked in the catalogues as No. 4), and the cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*. Herr Joachim, on taking the *bâton*, was received with cheers, which lasted some minutes. Schumann, as regards form and development of movements, imitated Beethoven more closely than Schubert; but in the treatment of his motives, and the details of instrumentation, he sufficiently asserts his own individuality. This symphony was first sketched by Schumann in 1841,

but not completed until 1851. Its first performance took place at Düsseldorf during the Festival of 1853, under the composer's direction. The peculiarity of the work (no invention of Schubert, however), is the flowing of the movements one into another. The first part, based on a powerful theme, significant of a combat, forms a glorious prelude to the succeeding soft and melodious romance. A violin solo leads, in passages of much grace and beauty, to the sparkling scherzo and trio. The instruments discourse in harmonious, but in a still combative style of language, until the trumpets sound to announce the victory and triumphal entry within the gates. It is needless to repeat that the performance, under Joachim, was simply perfection—a real artist's orchestra; such simultaneous bowing as was a "sight good for the sore eyes" of Londoners, too much accustomed to coarse and undrilled executants even in the most famous orchestras.

"Paradise and the Peri" occupied the remainder of the *soirée*. This work, composed in 1843, and styled, indifferently, Oratorio and Cantata, was heard last season at the Crystal Palace. The text of Moore was adapted by Schumann's friend Flechsig. We discern in this cantata a new series of fanciful and poetical ideas, but it is more suited to the modern taste than the sacred inspirations of the great masters, Handel and Bach, whom it was undoubtedly Schumann's wish to imitate, if not to rival, in the Biblical oratorio and the "Passion Music." The work is a *chef d'œuvre* indeed; all so original and true, so tender and heart-stirring; so melodiously fluent; the soft moonlight as it were alternating with the glare of a noon-day sun; and every passage vividly exciting the imagination. Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, I believe, sang the part of the *Peri* some years ago. Mme. Marie Wilt, from Vienna, was all that one could wish; she is a clever and highly accomplished *artiste*. Herr Stockhausen's vocalization is above all praise; he declaims as well as he sings; and Mme. Joachim, surpassing all expectation, created a *furor*. Herr Schulze, from Berlin, proved a masterly and effective *basso*. The chorus was composed of the choicest *dilettanti* of Bonn and the principal town, in the vicinity. Herr Wasielewski had drilled this chorus for several weeks, and conducted the cantata with great success.

The programme of the second day, Monday the 18th August, comprised the following *chefs d'œuvre*, viz, the symphony in C major, "No. 2," the overture to *Manfred*; the pianoforte concerto in A minor; the Nachtlied for chorus and orchestra, and the third part of "Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*." The symphony in C is so far wrongly numbered (see above) that although produced at an earlier date than the one in D minor (numbered IV), the latter work was, in an intellectual sense, conceived so far back as the year 1841, or five years before the first performance of "No. 2, Op. 61." To cut the matter short by statistics, the symphony in D minor was sketched in 1841, published (in a modified form) ten years later, and first produced at Düsseldorf in 1853. The symphony in C, begun in 1845, was completed and performed at Dresden in 1846. Waiving questions of priority in time—for what is time to a great genius—the symphony in C major is unquestionably Schumann's *magnum opus*. Meritorious in respect of music, it bears all the marks of a man who suffered "in the flesh and the spirit," who, like the Apostle, "died daily," but by his suffering, in an æsthetic—most surely in a moral and religious sense—was made, like his Divine Master, perfect. "G." of the Crystal Palace, has described the working of the tone-poet's mind as effectively and sympathetically as Herr Wasielewski; and amateurs are indebted to him and to Mr. Manns for the occasional performance of the symphony (as last spring) at Sydenham. I need not recapitulate the details of the symphony to English *connoisseurs*. The magnificent execution of the *scherzo* evoked an *en-core*. Once more, without wishing to be invidious, I must express my admiration and delight at the playing of the stringed-band. You in England may pay for, and you do procure good men, no doubt; but the "Kunst-geist," or Spirit of Art is not to be conjured by cheques upon bankers. Go to the *Conservatoire* of Paris and listen to the delicacy of the *nuances*. Realize, if you can, the simultaneous "arsis and thesis," the magically homogeneous effect of the "up and down stroke" by all the strings; and believe, on my word of honor, that the famous shake of eight bars for all the (38) violins—(a rapid trill indeed) might be fairly represented as an exact mathematical multiplication of one mind, one volition, one soul! Joachim, dear man, had been working like a galley-slave at the rehearsals; but he



WAR SONG.

KRIEGLIED.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Con molto forza. (♩. = 84.)

No. 31.

The musical score for 'War Song' (Kriegslied) by Robert Schumann, No. 31, is presented in five systems of piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Con molto forza.' with a quarter note equal to 84 beats per minute. The score begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a sforzando (sf) marking. The first system includes fingerings (1, 2, 4, 5, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1, 4) and a 'Ped.' marking. The second system continues with fingerings (3, 4, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4, 1, 4, 2, 5, 1, 4, 5) and a 'Ped.' marking. The third system features a 'Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol. The fourth system has a 'ff Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol. The fifth system is marked 'sf' and includes a 'Ped.' marking. The score concludes with a final chord and a fermata.



STORY TELLER.

SHEHERAZADE.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Poco Adagio e dolce.

No. 32.

[illegible]

must have been fully satisfied with the "travail" of his spirit.

The concerto in A minor, so well known in England, introduced Mme. Schumann, her husband's best interpreter. I shall not paint the lily over again or gild refined gold, by eulogizing the exquisite music or its refined execution. Mme. Schumann received such a greeting as made me for one, I confess, feel decidedly uncomfortable. The audience rose *en masse*; waved handkerchiefs, and showered bouquets, whilst the drums and trumpets gave the highly complimentary salvo or "Tusch," only conferred on the *emeriti* or *emerita* of art. Mme. Schumann first performed this concerto (in public) at Dresden in 1845. Herr Joachim conducted the orchestra to-day.

The "Nachtlied," for chorus and orchestra, first produced at Düsseldorf in 1851, reminds the romantic hearer of the lines:—

Love was made for summer nights,
And summer nights were made for love.

It was emphatically "a thing of beauty," and its ænanthic ether would be lost were I to enter into analysis. Fancy the setting (and successfully) of a genial moonlight night to congenial music, and envy Schumann his feelings! I do for one, but, like Mr. Pell's, mine is friendly envy!

The *Faust* "scenes" can only be comprehended by one imbued with the very quintessence of Goethe's tremendous "Trauerspiel." This work, to which Schumann devoted six years, should not be neglected by Mr. Manns. The great chorus on the words "Sie ist gerettet" (She is saved)—the triumphant answer of the angels to the diabolical assertion of Mephistopheles, "Sie ist gerichtet" (She is doomed)—so struck me by the solemnity of words and music, that I could have sobbed aloud and found the indulgence of such emotion a great relief. Mme. Joachim, as "Mater Dolorosa," met every heart; Herr Stockhausen, as Doctor Marianus, evoked a *furore* by his feeling delivery of "Höchste Herrscherin der Welt;" and the chorus, "Dir der Unterwürbigen," effectively sung, completed the climax.

I must be brief in my notice of the "Chamber Music," and such chamber music, which filled the third and final programme. The pianoforte quintet in E flat (Mme. Schumann and Herr Joachim taking the leading parts) would alone stamp Schumann as a lion; but you Londoners know it by heart, and like it from your hearts. I heard it myself, in St. James's Hall and elsewhere, about three or four times last season. Alphonse Duvernoy, of Paris, took the pianoforte part at the "Musical Union," and Mme. Schumann at the Monday Popular.

The quartet of strings in A (No. 3, Op. 41), led by Joachim, was another *grand succès*. In the "Andante and Variations" for two pianofortes, composed A.D. 1843, Mme. Schumann and Professor Rudorff, of Berlin, greatly distinguished themselves. The songs included "Aufträge," Op. 77, No. 5; "Wanderlied," Op. 35, No. 3; "Die Löwenbraut," Op. 31, No. 4 (all three *encored* with acclamation); "Wehmuth," Op. 29, No. 9; and "Sonntag am Rhein," Op. 36, No. 10, in which Mme. Joachim, Herr Diener and Herr Stockhausen were the vocal artists.

Thanks must be tendered to Herr Von Wasielewski for the preparation of the "Feier," and to Herr Joachim for his invaluable services as conductor. The Schumann Fête will doubtless swell the funds for the "Denkmal," or bronze statue. Let it be erected by all means. We are content with the immortal works which Schumann has left to the world.

S. L.

[In addition to the foregoing critical report of the concerts, another correspondent sends us (at a rather late hour) the following interesting account of the more personal part of the festival, that is to say, the reception of Mme. Schumann in the Beethoven Hall, and the pilgrimage of Schumann's admirers to the Cemetery of Bonn.]

We went along the Market Platz and the Sternthor, and soon we reached the gates of the Cemetery, which contains the remains of R. Schumann. The way was made distinct to visitors by the yellow sand, which we followed until we found ourselves at the grave. A simple stone, with the immortal name, denoted Schumann's last resting place. The tomb was richly decorated with black and white silk, and hundreds of flowers, bouquets and *immortelles*. Crowds of visitors had already assembled there to pay their "homage to the departed genius, but although lost to earth he lives in his works, young in years, yet already ripe."

On the appearance of Mme. Schumann, the whole audience rose from their seats, when hurrahs, waving of handkerchiefs, and an ever-increasing applause, seemed never to end, until the widow, fairly overpowered, sat down at the piano to play the Concerto in A minor. The lady had recovered from her emotion, and then she led the first passage of the concerto with increased enthusiasm. Never before had this work made a deeper impression. Already in 1841 was the first part published under the name of a "Fantasia;" the two last movements were added to it in 1845, when the work was played for the first time by Mme. Schumann, at Dresden, on the 4th of December of the same year.

[In conclusion, we are happy to report that the Festival Committee have a surplus of 2,000 thalers for the erection of the monument. The expenses were great, each orchestral player receiving 50 thalers (£7 10s). The price of tickets for the three concerts was seven thalers.]

Birmingham Festival.

The English papers are of course full of the reports of the 31st Triennial Festival at Birmingham, which began on Tuesday morning, Aug. 26, with a performance of *Elijah*. We copy from the *Orchestra*:

On this, the seven-and-twentieth birthday of the work, it could boast an unequalled performance—or a performance only equalled in Birmingham perhaps once. The solos were taken in the first part by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Rigby, and Mr. Santley; Mrs. Sutton. Mr. J. A. Smith, Mr. W. T. Briggs, and Mr. Smythson assisting in the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels." In the second part Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves were substituted for the three first-named artists. Mr. Santley singing the Prophet throughout. It was supererogatory to criticize a work so well known and performed so thoroughly versed as these. As to the chorus-singing, it was, under Sir Michael Costa's sway, generally excellent. The choristers numbered among them some exceedingly sweet voices, and their training asserted itself; a prediction equally true of the splendid band, whose playing, especially of the wonderfully instrumented overture, was irreproachable. In fact, there was but one slight blot upon the entire performance, the trio, "Lift thine eyes," in which the vocalists were hardly satisfactory. There were no encores. The president, the Earl of Shrewsbury, declined to encore anything; and as the audience, respecting the religious nature of the music, applauded nothing, the chance of an uninterrupted hearing was afforded. The Duke of Edinburgh showed his good taste by remaining to the very end of the performance, though the last chorus fast emptied the hall.

The festival of this year is distinguished by the production of novelties, of which the first came to a hearing on Tuesday evening. The three new works in question are a pastoral cantata, "*The Lord of Burleigh*," by Signor F. Schira; an oratorio entitled "*The Light of the World*," by Mr. Arthur Sullivan; and a romantic cantata "*Fridolin*;" or, "*The Message to the Forge*," by Signor Alberto Randegger. Signor Schira's new work was performed on Tuesday, and met with a favorable reception. The libretto, which is by Mr. Desmond Ryan, is upon the subject of Tennyson's well-known ballad "In her ear he whispers gaily;" but Mr. Ryan has wisely steered clear of profanation and not mixed any Tennysonian verse with an alloy. He has taken merely the subject, which is duly reduced to the composer's scope. Four characters are imagined instead of the two of the poem: the earl-painter, the village maiden, and a friend of the latter, and a steward of the former. The quartet being thus complete according to musical conventionality, it is only necessary to scatter the orthodox commonplaces of sentiment among the characters—such as "A simple village maid am I," and "Hurrah, with joy each bosom burns"—to make the libretto perfect as libretto go. As to the music it may be described as scholarly, elaborate, and unremarkable. There is nothing in it to challenge disapproval, and equally nothing to carry away. The pastoral simplicity of the subject, which is a romance of country life and rustic wooing, finds no expression in Sig. Schira's clever but inappropriate devices, this redundant orchestral effects, and his vagueness of treatment. There is in the modern school a tendency to avoid naturalness from the fear of being thought common, and to seek originality at the cost of everything, and often to the confounding of originality with eccentricity.

A touch of this modern heresy disfigures the "*Lord of Burleigh*." It however enjoyed a good reception on Tuesday, and two pieces, the unaccompanied trio, "O'er seas of life," and the quartet and chorus, "How changed her state," were *encored* and repeated, while at the close the composer was complimented.

The cantata was followed by a miscellaneous selection which included the "Song of the Titans," a posthumous work of Rossini's. The massiveness of the subject—the Titanic war with Jove—is sought to be reproduced in the music, which is a chorus for bass voices in unison with elaborate accompaniments and tumultuous effects working up to a grand climax. In execution, however, none of this grandeur was realized; the effect proved impotent. Against the weakness of this attempt must be set the perfection with which the Third "*Leonora*" overture of Beethoven was rendered. The utmost delicacy of shade and expression marked it throughout. Among the vocal constituents of the program were the scena "Alfin son tua," from "*Lucia*," sung by Mlle. Albani and *encored*; duo from Gounod's "*Philemon et Baucis*," sung in French by Mme. Sherrington and Mr. Cummings; the air from "*Euryanthe*," by Mr. Sims Reeves; "Soft airs," and "O vago suol," from the "*Huguenots*," by Mme. Sherrington; an air by Piusotti, "The Raft," sung by Signor Foli; and a quartet from Rossini's "*Bianca e Faliero*."

SECOND DAY.

On Wednesday morning the most important of the novelties was brought forward—important in the history of the festival and in the artistic career of Mr. Sullivan the composer. That gentleman's oratorio, "*The Light of the World*," is a work which though it would be premature to assign it equal rank with the standard masterpieces, will be found to enhance Mr. Sullivan's position as an artificer of high things in music. The theme is a lofty one, the spirit which attempts it is daring, and to have conquered so much, to have held his ground against obstacles and in the teeth of comparisons is itself a victory of no small value. We have no intention at this moment, with no copy of the work before us, to attempt anything like a detailed account of the oratorio or to enlarge upon its qualities. We may state generally that it is an exposition of the principal events in the life of our Saviour, from the prophecy of Isaiah to the tragedy of the Redemption, and the words illustrating the various scenes have been compiled from the Holy Scriptures. The texts of which this book is composed have been carefully and intelligently chosen, though the selection is over-long and the musical setting, as a natural consequence, becomes redundant. The scope of the music is set forth in Mr. Sullivan's argument. Here he states that the intention has not been to convey the spiritual idea of the Saviour as in the "*Messiah*," or to recount the sufferings of Christ as in the "*Passion*," music, but to set forth the human aspect of the life of our Lord on earth, exemplifying it by some of the actual incidents in His career which bear especially upon His attributes of preacher, healer, and prophet. For this purpose, and to give it dramatic force, the work has been laid out in scenes, dealing respectively in the first part with the Nativity, Preaching, Healing, and Prophecy of our Lord, ending with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem; and in the second part with the utterances which, containing the avowal of Himself as the Son of Man, excited to the utmost the wrath of His enemies, and led the rulers to conspire for His final reward; the grief of Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre; and the consolation and triumph of the disciples at the resurrection of their Lord and Master. Thus it will be seen that a certain modern philosophical spirit tinges the treatment of the subject; we have a sort of "Vie de Jésus" in music rather than a lyrical assertion of unbounded faith, or a pathological display of suffering. But why this artistic Rénanisme adopted the Nativity, which is purely miraculous and non-natural, does not at first sight appear. However, with the Nativity the work begins, and musically no fault is to be found with the choice, for it gives occasion for a capital chorus—Number thirteen in the score—"I will pour out my spirit." This, a bold, spirited piece of harmony with a fine climax, produced so good an impression that the Earl of Shrewsbury gave the signal for repetitions. Other choruses had preceded it, with flowing instrumental passages and good fugal effects, but this was the first point scored in the performance. The first scene being entitled "Bethlehem," the second takes us to Nazareth."

Here Jesus appears in the Synagogue, and after reading from Isaiah, presents himself to his listeners as the object of the prophecy. Upon their expressed amazement and incredulity, he reproaches them with their continued unbelief, and, goaded to rage by his numerous instances of God's favor to those whom they looked upon with contempt, they drive him out of the Synagogue. In this, as in the preceding scene, the choruses are the most important numbers. Indeed throughout the work, the recitatives and airs assume a secondary position. The music of Christ in particular is neutral even to severity, the absence of ornament being evidently suggested by purist principles. Christ's music is declamatory and was given to Mr. Santley, who, it need not be said, delivered it finely, though not without tiring the audience, owing to the length and sombreness of the writing. To return, however, to "Nazareth." The chorus of the people in the Synagogue, where they demand "Is not this Jesus?" contains some effects of real dramatic power, especially at the passage "Why hear ye him?" and in this as on many occasions throughout the oratorio Mr. Sullivan shows himself a master of instrumental resource and diversity. This scene is excellent. Another well-written chorus is "He maketh the sun to rise," as also is that entitled "Behold how He loved him." By this time we have got to the third scene, which is Bethany, or as Mr. Sullivan calls it, "Lazarus." We have no musical or dramatic illustration of the actual miraculous raising of Lazarus: the scene stops at the unopened grave. The sad journey, and the arrival at Bethany, where the kindred and friends are endeavoring to comfort the bereaved sisters, are depicted in the music. Beyond this is no thoroughfare. With a chorus, "They that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth," Lazarus is left apparently to his own hopelessness, and we, the hearers, turn aside for Jerusalem, and on the way thither listen to a beautiful chorus of children, an "Hosanna" for three-part female choir. This contains a charming bit of melody, treated in masterly fashion, a harp accompaniment in the orchestra being a feature; and the whole is worked up in a fitting climax, which provoked the signal for an encore. Later on this children's hosanna was repeated in conjunction with a fuller song of glory in which the disciples and the populace are supposed to join. With this the first part concluded, and the President rose and informed Mr. Sullivan in the name of the audience that they would gladly have had more encores than the two requested but for fear of stretching the performance beyond reasonable limits.

The scenes of the second part are laid entirely at Jerusalem. After the overture, which is intended to indicate the angry feelings and dissensions caused by our Lord's presence in the city, it opens with the discourse containing the parable of the sheep and the goats. The people hearing it wonder at its boldness, and express their belief that "this is the Christ." A ruler argues with them, and contemptuously asks if Christ shall come out of Galilee; the people are still unconvinced, and, Nicodemus striving to reason with him, the ruler retorts angrily. All this is not very dramatic nor yet very interesting. The cleverest bit of it is the overture, which shows off the orchestral knowledge and skill of the composer, but lacks design. The incidents of the crucifixion are avoided according to the intention only to illustrate the human career of Jesus. What happens is told us by third persons. The chorus describes Christ's sufferings and death, and the next scene opens at the sepulchre in the early morning. The grief of Mary Magdalene is soothed by the angel, who tells her that Christ is risen, and, reminding her how He had foretold His death and resurrection while He was yet in Galilee, comforts her with the words "God shall wipe away all tears." The disciples acknowledge the resurrection, and the work concludes with a chorus of thanksgiving. Of the choruses, the most effective are "Men and brethren;" and the final "Him hath God exalted," in which the fugue style is employed with good effect.

The defects of the work, which are few enough to make their admission no discredit, arise from a prevailing shadow of gloom, inseparable no doubt in a great measure from the subject, but still allowed to press somewhat too heavily on the spirit of the work. For sorrowful as was the career of the Light of the World, it yet contained material for bright contrasts. There were opportunities in it for glorifying and giving thanks and rejoicing. The chorus of shepherds should have more brightness; the Magnificat should be more expressive of hearty and exalted joy. This last was finely sung by Mlle. Titiens, but with only secondary effect upon the

audience. She also gave a more elaborate air: "Tell ye the daughters of Zion." As before said, the soloists ceded in activity and importance to the chorists. Their best numbers were seized and swallowed up, as it were, by the chorus. Thus a rather sweet solo by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, "Weep ye not for the dead," became soon lost in the ocean of a choral lament. Mr. Sims Reeves had not much to do. He sang a nicely written but undistinctive air, "Refrain thy voice from weeping," and a duet with Mr. Santley "Lord behold." Mr. Santley sang the declamatory music of the Christ in splendid fashion. Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Sutton, and Mr. W. T. Briggs took part. As regards the reception, the work could hardly have gone better. The hall was filled in every part, and as had been the case the day before, when "Elijah" was given, standing room could not be obtained for love or money after the oratorio had begun. At the end, after another tribute paid to the Duke of Edinburgh, the composer was enthusiastically called for. The oratorio took very near three hours and a half in performance.

In the evening the concert was entirely of a miscellaneous nature. The selection commenced with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the other orchestral pieces of the programme having been Mr. G. A. Macfarren's overture to "St. John the Baptist," and that to Rossini's opera, "Le Siège de Corinthe." A vocal feature was Rossini's "National Hymn," the first time of performance, being one of his posthumous works. It was originally written for an ordinary orchestra and a military band, used sometimes alternately and sometimes in combination. A few bars of pompous prelude, allegretto, lead to some bright and tuneful phrases in the style of a quick march, followed by an andante maestoso, in which the leading vocal theme is announced by a baritone solo in melodious three-bar phrases. This is repeated by the male-chorus, the second theme following for soprano and contralto, the original subject being afterwards repeated, the baritone solo occasionally interspersed with orchestral passages. As a whole it is a joyous and festive composition.

[To be Continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 20, 1873.

Liszt in Weimar.

Not feeling ourselves quite ready for the discussion of some serious questions which we had in mind, and waiting for our musical season, still "without form and void," to set in in good earnest, perhaps we cannot entertain our readers better for a few minutes than by translating from a letter in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* from one of the worshiping circle who surround the Abbé Liszt at Weimar. Yet the writer seems to hint that he is only of the outer circle, one of the disciples of the gate, a worshipper at humble distance, none the less devout. The mention in the letter of some of the Abbate's fair American pupils, or rather favored clients, will give it interest in these parts.

Weimar, July, 1873.

"So then, dear Mr. Editor, you would like to know how his eminence the Herr Abbé Franz von Liszt kings it in his summer Residenz of Weimar! And I must send you a 'passable' report? Faith! A bad dilemma. But if you will be contented with the hear say report of an outsider,—one guilty too of the great fault of existing "without blue blood," and to whom therefore certain exclusive circles must remain closed forevermore,—why here goes!

"In a stormy season, although gentle May stood in the calendar,—but not in Thuringia, heart of the German Empire—our master came, diffusing a soft breath of Spring, to occupy the modest rooms of his summer asylum. The first things to claim his attention were the rehearsals of Berlioz's remarkable *Requiem* (under Müller-Hartung) and the studies for his "Christus." From day to day the throng of visitors increased, as well as the terrible load of correspondence, and the correction of his own and

others' works. What expectations are set upon the great master on the part of the composer world, not the new merely, but the old as well, may be imagined. If sometimes our own thread of patience breaks by reason of all sorts of vexations, we can always tie it up again by thinking of the exemplary and christian patience with which our veteran, who must still be called a Marshal Forwards in the fullest sense of the word, endures his musical Job's trials. This sort of activity alone would utterly absorb an ordinary artistic faculty. That Liszt, besides all this, finds time to work upon his third Oratorio, called "Stanislaus" if we are not mistaken, and upon his great *technical Piano School*,—also to remodel the wedding music written for the nuptials of his royal highness our hereditary Grand Duke Carl August,—must be called wonderful in a man almost 62 years old.

"The Sunday Matinées, so justly sought for and admired, and quite unique, seemed to be slow to blossom out at first; at least it seemed to your reporter as if the preparatory excursions had an exclusive aspect. The first generally accessible matinée took place on the 29th of June. By way of preamble the greatest musical travelling preacher the world ever saw, performed his lately published transcription of the Ballad in Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*; whereupon Fräulein Breidenstein of Erfurt, the amiable artiste in a double sense who is ever welcome here, sang with distinguished success an effective song by Capelmeister Metzdorf, whose new opera '*Rosamunde*' has given us much enjoyment at the pianoforte. Our famous flute virtuoso Theodor Winkler, gave new proof that he is quite in earnest with his motto: Always to be the first and to keep pressing forward. Liszt's Hungarian friend, Herr Doppler, in Buda-Pesth, would surely have been gratified could he have heard his Nocturne performed in so masterly a manner. Fräulein Ami Fai (Miss Amy Fay) of Cambridge, North America, (which nation has been pretty strongly represented here this season) played Tausig's ingenious but very highly seasoned *Soirées de Vienne* right bravely. How father Strauss would have been astonished to see his natural, spontaneous waltz melodies parading in such metamorphoses, in all the brilliancy of an enormous technique and the most piquant harmony!—Our mistress in the art of song, Frau Rosa von Milde, sang with surpassing beauty three rare songs by Robert Franz, whom Liszt has always placed so high. To the great admiration of those who are not of the master's daily guests, he played two new, barbarously difficult salon pieces by Dräseké (*Valse nocturne* and *Valse caprice*), so perfectly, a *prima vista*, that you would suppose he had studied these opuscula, so rich in soul and harmony, a hundred times. We will only remark in passing, that on such occasions even the smallest errata do not escape his falcon eye. For the conclusion of this exceedingly rich matinée we had the well-known Raczky March, for four hands, played by the composer and Herr Urspruch, whose position with such a partner was indeed not an enviable one. It was delightful to see how the genial master sought by all sorts of improvisations to draw the talented scholar out of his shell; that the young Frankforter would not take such hints, caused great amusement to the composer, who was in excellent humor.

"This interesting morning gift was followed by an equally attractive soirée in the hospitable house of Frau Prof. Stahr, to which Liszt had been especially invited. There we heard Schumann's Variations for two pianos (Fräulein Schulz and Herr Neitzel); *Soirée de Vienne*, No. 1, by Tausig (court pianiste, Fräulein Pauline Fichtner); March of the Three Kings from *Christus*, for four hands (the composer and Herr Urspruch); *Soirée de Vienne*, No. 2, (Miss Katie Gaul); A minor Fugue of Bach, arranged by

Liszt (Kammermusicus Bendix); *Polka glissando* by J. Raff (Frl. Fichtner); Popular Dances by Grieg (Frl. Backer); March of the Cross Knights from Liszt's *St. Elizabeth*, arranged for 8 hands (Bendix, Orth, Kellermann, Urspruch; Fantasie for 4 hands by Franz Schubert (Liszt, Frl. Fichtner); Preludium by Th. Kirchner (Frl. Steinacker: *Herz, mein Herz, was willst Du mehr?* The following catalogue of the present crop of the new German school will show how richly the wheat of the Lisztian piano school is flourishing: 1) Miss Katie Gaul, of Baltimore (U.S.A.); 2) Frl. Irma Steinacker, of Buttelstedt; 3) Frl. Johanna Schulz, of Hamburg; 4) Ami Fai (Miss Amy Fay) of North America; 5) Frl. Leonie Heim, of Stuttgart; 6) Frl. Agathe Backer, of Christiana; 7) Frl. Werner, of North America; 8) John Orth, of North America; 9) Otto Bendix, of Copenhagen; 10) Berthold Kellermann, of Nuremberg; 11) Anton Urspruch, of Frankfurt; 12) Emil Vögeli, of Zurich; 12) Wilhelm Fehr, of Cassel; 14) Karl Herrmann, of Stuttgart; 15) Otto Neitzel, from Pomerania; 16) Herr Buchholz, of Neufchatel, Georg Leftert and Rich. Metzendorf have already gone away. Among the above-named pupils, the Stuttgart Conservatorium is the most fully represented. Here one comprehends, that the best is always good enough for the pupils.—

"That *Altmeister* Liszt likes now and then to wield the musical sceptre, and that he does it with success, was proved by a recent orchestral rehearsal, in which the music was for the most part by Russian composers; such as *'La Courlandaise'* and *'La Finnoise'* by Dargomyski, and the Ballad *'Cadko'* by Rieneski Korsakoff. These three works were uncommonly interesting in point of harmony and rhythm; they are thoughtfully conceived and logically carried out, and in the orchestral coloring brilliant. Your reporter would have been glad to hear these truly original things again. Nor can he help expressing the wish that it might oftener please the Herr Capellmeister *extraordinaire* to institute such novelty-rehearsals in the interest of the Young German school. * * *

"In the august circles the princely *Namensfest* was celebrated at the castle at Dornburg, by the disinterment of the operetta *Elwin and Elmire*, composed by the genial Duchess Anna Amalia. Of course, only a few persons besides Liszt were admitted to this very interesting representation. Nevertheless the impression is described as altogether friendly. The music, in Liszt's judgment, belongs unquestionably to the better productions of that period. The singers were the most distinguished of our Court opera; Capellmeister Lassen accompanied at the piano. This singular lady, a pupil of the organist Fleischer in Brunswick and of Capellmeister Wolf in Weimar, was not only an accomplished pianist, but also so well versed in musical composition, that she could set about the composition of an Oratorio with confidence.

"Of further musical performances one of the best was an extremely interesting soirée at the house of the celebrated African traveller, Gerhard Rohlfs. Master Liszt, and all the others, were in splendid mood; no wonder that the pieces were superbly played. We heard: *Ave Maria* by Lessmann (Frl. Breidenstein); Schumann's *Abendlied*, paraphrased by Raff (Miss Katie Gaul); four-hand Marches by Schubert (Liszt and Anton Urspruch). The latter may have had hard work of it sometimes with such a genial partner, but like a true townsman (from Frankfurt) of Goethe he bravely 'put it through.'

"Then came another soirée at the rooms of Frl. Anna and Helene Stahr, the central point for all young *Lisztianerinnen* and *Lisztianer*, who always find a cordial reception here with these good peo-

ple. Two pupils of the Stuttgart Conservatorium (Fr. Leonie Helm and Frl. Irma Steinacker) played the two splendid Chopin Concertos quite successfully; Altmeister Liszt having the great friendliness to take the accompaniment upon a second piano. These were followed by an interesting Sonata movement by Herr Neitzel, and for a close we heard Liszt's fiery 'Hungarian Rhapsody,' for two pianos, dedicated to Hans von Bülow.

"The farewell soirée, so to speak, was that of Sunday, July 20; for now the master leaves us for some weeks, to return in the beginning of September to conduct the music at the marriage of our Grand Duke Carl August with the Princess Pauline of Saxony. At first we heard Schumann's *Carnaval* in excellent style by Frl. Backer. The explanations which Liszt gave were quite remarkable. Miss Gaul was equally successful in the production of Beethoven's D minor Sonata and in a Strauss-Tausig *Soirée*. In Herr Herrmann's rendering of Liszt's very difficult and effective Spanish Rhapsody, we made the acquaintance of a very promising pupil of the Stuttgart school. Then came the improvised performance of a new piano quintet by Herr Kellermann of Nuremberg. Finally Master Liszt put divers of his young disciples to a pretty sharp test, by challenging several of them (Messrs. Orth, Kellermann, Vögeli) to play with him, *ad sight*, with four hands, various Russian instrumental works, which gave rise to the liveliest scenes."—

—There, reader, you may see how it goes on in Weimar when the Abbé Liszt is there!

The musical world is nearly all back from its summer rambles. In all the usual haunts you meet now the familiar faces,—teachers, singers, pianists, orchestra leaders and performers, ready for work, so that the season cannot fail to be a lively one.

An unexpected pleasure it has been to welcome August Fries again, the old leader of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, after an absence of fifteen years, during which time he has mostly lived in Bergen (Norway), conducting Philharmonic concerts there. He and his violin will be an important accession to our orchestral and chamber concert force.

Mr. ALLEN, with his "Beethoven Quintette Club," is very active in rehearsal and in preparation for good concerts here and all about the neighborhood. The Club now consists of C. N. ALLEN, first violin; H. HEINDL, second violin, J. C. MULLALLY, first viola; W. RIETZEL (who takes the place made vacant by the death of Mr. KOPFITZ), second viola and flute; WULF FRIES, 'cello.

—MME. CAMILLA URZO, after playing at a Lyceum concert here on the 8th, and at the Worcester Festival on the 9th of October, starts on the 13th on a concert tour with a company composed of Miss Edith Abell, soprano; Mr. Tom Karl, tenor; Mr. T. R. Thomas, baritone, and Mr. Auguste Sauret, pianist.

Of singers and of singing teachers we shall have no lack. Mme. RUDERSDORFF, still at her Swampscott cottage, will very soon resume her lessons here. We understand that the highly prized instructions of this rarely gifted and experienced artist have been much sought for even through the summer months.

—Miss CLARA DORIA is here, singing in the Trinity Choir, in much demand for all the best concerts, and receiving pupils.

—MME. MARIE BISHOP (sister of Aug. and Wulf Fries), after four years of earnest study in Italy and London, has returned, full of enthusiasm for the best music, and offers her services for oratorios and concerts, as well as in the capacity of teacher.

—Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, our accomplished tenor singer, has taken rooms where he will receive private pupils, teaching the Italian method of vocal culture, singing in modern languages, and preparing aspirants for a professional career in oratorio, concert or opera. He too has joined "Dean" Tourjee's army of Conservatory teachers, and he will be the tenor of the Emanuel Church choir.

—An intelligent and able teacher of singing, one who is a sound musician too, will be found in Mr. CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI, who remains in Boston, although he has left the Boston Conservatory. For three years he was teacher in the Leipzig Conservatorium, where they do not employ men of straw.

MME. RUDERSDORFF, assisted by Mr. LANG, Mr. HAYDEN, the tenor singer, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, gave a very successful concert at Swampscott, on the 21st ult., which was largely attended by the cultivated summer residents of that cool watering place, as well as of Nahant, &c. We give the programme, merely stating that the most admired selection was the wholly new one to the audience from Handel's "Ezio," which pleased so much that Mme. R. sang after it another of those noble arias, which until Franz arranged them, were almost as good as lost to the world.

Overture to "Le Lac des Fées".....Auber.
Aria, "Ah, non son io," from the Opera Ezio. Handel.
Violin Solo.....
Song, "Auf Flügel der Gesanges".....Mendelssohn.
Piano-forte Solo. Andante and Allegro from the G minor Concerto.....Mendelssohn.

Adagio and Finale, from the Quartet in D, No. 63. Haydn.

Scotch Ballad.—"John Anderson, my Jo." Pinsuti.
Song, "I Love my Love".....Pinsuti.
Songs for Big and Little Folks.....W. Taubert.
Scherzo, from Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn.

Musical Correspondence.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Last year I gave a general account of the "Normal Music School" held here every summer under the Principalship of Messrs. Chester G. Allen and Theo. F. Seward. The other teachers were: Mr. Geo. Jas. Webb, voice-culture; Mr. Henry Harding, voice; Dr. Wm. Mason, piano-forte; W. S. B. Mathews, organ and piano. This year Mr. Seward was ill and unable to come, and we had Mr. Jas. Johnson, of New York, as Glee and Madrigal conductor. The general outline of this school is not unlike that of all others of the kind, except that much more prominence is given to the instrumental department than is the case elsewhere. The instrumental classes were: Lectures on piano-playing and teaching, by Dr. Mason; Musical Grammar by Mr. Mathews; Advanced Harmony; two organ recitals by Mr. Mathews, and eight piano recitals by Dr. Mason. The vocal department had the usual classes in voice culture, method of teaching, choir singing, chorus practice, sight reading, and three classes in Harmony.

The school was fortunate this year in the possession of a very superior soprano singer, Mrs. J. G. Hull, of Meadville, Pa. Mrs. Hull has a large soprano voice of rare purity of tone and, unlike most singers who have sung much in public without adequate cultivation, is remarkably free from faults. She sang high E flat with apparent ease at one of the concerts of the school. At the same time her chest and medium tones are excellent. In short she is a singer of altogether exceptional merit. There was also a younger sister of Mrs. Hull, Miss Belle Tinker, who has a mezzo soprano, not large in volume, but of the most lovely quality. If she succeeds in acquiring cultivation without losing her present exquisitely perfect enunciation of words and accuracy of intonation, she will surely be heard of in an honorable way. With Mr. Henry Harding in bass solos, and various other singers of more than ordinary talents, and the well-trained chorus, the concerts were unusually good this year, and fully attended. The piano recitals were held Wednesday afternoon at 4.15, and Saturday morning at 9, and were attended by an audience of about a hundred and twenty-five. The programmes were arranged from an educational stand-point, and each piece was introduced with a few words of explanation, in which Mr. Mason was generally very happy, saying just enough. Here is the list:

